
* THE RIGHT TO LIVE *

Property of Johnnie Speer

"THE RIGHT TO LIVE OR THE LURE OF THE CITY"

CAST

JUDGE BREWSTER	CHARACTER LEAD
EDWARD CRANE	GENTEEL HEAVY
ABNER J. PINKHAM	CHARACTER COMEDY
KATE WESTON	DOPE FIEND
ELLEN BIAKE	LEAD

SETTING

DOOR OR WINDOW

* * * Foot lining heights *

PRESPS

Desk
Three chairs
Legal papers
Stage money
Waste paper basket
Judge's gavel

THE RIGHT TO LIVE
(JUDGE BREWSTER IS DISCOVERED ON STAGE. LOOKS OVER LIST ON DESK. THEN GOES TO THE D. R.) Cassidy, send in Kate Weston into court.

CASSIDY

(OFF STAGE. THESE LINES CAN BE TAKEN BY EDWARD CRANE) Very well, sir. Kate Weston, come into court. (KATE WESTON ENTERS R. SHE IS A DOPE FIEND WEARS VERY PLAIN BLACK DRESS. DOPE MAKEUP VERY LIGHT)

JUDGE

Well, Kate, I see you're back before me again. This is the third time you have been here in my court. Who arrested you?

KATE

Cassidy.

JUDGE

What did you steal for this time, Kate?

KATE

The same thing that I have always stolen for--dope! I had to have it! I had to have it!

JUDGE

Kate, you're out on parole this time, I believe.

KATE

Yes, I only been out two weeks.

JUDGE

Kate, can't you do without the dope?

KATE

No!

JUDGE

Have you tried?

KATE

God yes I've tried--but it aint no use, Judge, it aint no use.

JUDGE

I don't want to send you back to prison, Kate. I want you to have ever chance. Do you think that if I were to send you to some home--a good home for girls--do you think you could reform?

KATE

No!

JUDGE

But, Kate, in prison you'll have to do without it.

KATE

(HALF SMILE) You're wrong, your honor. In prison I can get all of it that I want.

JUDGE

What? Do you mean to say that it is possible for one to secure drugs inside the prison walls?

KATE

Yes.

Well, when tell me the source of this traffic of dope inside the prison walls, and I'll see that immediate steps are taken to stop it. In doing this for us, Kate, you will not only help yourself, but you will save others.

JUDGE

(LOOKING AT HIM) I'm no squealer, Judge.

JUDGE

I don't want you to be one, Kate, but if you will only tell me where the supply comes from I'm sure that we can stop it from being distributed

JUDGE

I can't do it, Judge, I can't do it! I've gone this far and if I have to go back to prison, I will--but I won't squeel.

JUDGE

Very well then. Tell me, Kate, what started you on the dope?

JUDGE

You aint wantin' to hear my story Judge--it aint no use tellin' you. I'm just one it and that's all there is to it.

JUDGE

I do want to hear your story, Kate. You have not always been on the dope---I know that? Your features show me that you have been of a good family at one time. ~~Whekkkkkkkk~~ Where did you come from?

JUDGE

I came from a little town in Iowa---the prettiest little town in all the world---green trees--blue skies--sunshine and happiness seemed always there, but I didn't know it then. I thought that the city offered more --I thought that in the city I could find laughter and joy. Then one day a feller came through our little town. He wanted me to go away with him---said he'd show me the bright lights.

JUDGE

And so you ran away from home and married him, eh?

JUDGE

No--he promised to marry me if I would leave him and go with him, but he never kept his word. He is the man who deserted me in the city, and drug me down to what I am. He wrecked my life and got me on dope. After he left I returned home. My father was a very stern man, and he wouldn't listen to my pleadings to let me stay. He refused to help me--disowned me.

JUDGE

What did your mother do?

JUDGE

Mother--dear old mother stood by me--and believed and trusted in me. She tried to get my father to let me stay but of no use--so what I am to day is all because I didn't get a chance to live--but it wasn't my mother's fault--whatever I've been don't blame her.

JUDGE

But I do blame her. Mothers are innocently to blame often times for their children's wrongs. ~~Whekkkkkkkk~~ They are so good themselves that they think everybody else is good themselves that they think every one else is too. Why don't

mother's tell their daughters the truth? Kate Weston, I wish that your lesson could be burned into every mothers heart in the land. Then your suffering might not have been in vain. Kate, I cannot pass sentence upon you. I'm going to let you choose your own punishment. Where do you wish to go?

KATE

To jail.

JUDGE

To jail?

KATE

Yes, there perhaps with the good care of the officials and all---perhaps I can beat it this time. And I'll try, Judge, I'll try!

JUDGE

Kate Weston, I sentence you to one year in Lansing. And this time I shall see that you are protected from the drug while you are inside the prison walls. (RISES AND EXTENDS HIS HAND) Well, good bye, Kate.

KATE

(SURPRISED) You--you would take my hand?

JUDGE

Yes, for it is the hand of a woman. Good bye, Kate, and put up a good fight for the memory of your mother.

KATE

Good-bye, Judge. (GOES TO D. R.) And listen, Judge--I--I'm not much on the pinkyink expressin' myself, but you--you're just a hell of a fine fella! (EXITS R. Q UICKLY. JUDGE STANDS LOOKING SHAKES HIS HEAD LITTLE)

(Close In)

***** NUMBER ONE *****

JUDGE

(CALLS OFF) Cassidy, what is the next case on the docket.

CASSIDY

(OFF STAGE) The case of Abner J. Pinkham charged with assaulting an officer.

JUDGE

Very well. (SITS AT DESK) Abner J. Pinkham, come into court.

ABNER PINKHAM

(OFF STAGE) All right Judge, just as soon as I get my foot out of this gol durned cuspidor. Aw go on shut up I know what to do in court. I'll get there. (ENTERS R. ADLIBBING ALL THE TIME) Well, here I am. Good morning, Judge. Ping! (SPITS.)

JUDGE

(RAPPING Q UICKLY WITH GAVEL) Don't do that.

ABNER

All right, Judge.

JUDGE

Now, raise your right hand place left hand on the bible, do you swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help me God?

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ABNER

What do you think I am a damned liar? Ping! (SPIT BUS.)

JUDGE

(RAPS WITH GAVEL) Take the stand! (ABNER STARTS TO PICK UP THE TABLE)
What are you doing?

ABNER

Didn't you tell me to take the stand?

JUDGE

Sit down. What's your name?

ABNER

Abner J. Pinkham, citizen of Davis Corners South Dakota, U. S. A. of America, assistant journalist, wood chopper, corn husker, part time post master, county treasurer, opera house owner, chairman of the board of the trustees pillar of the Maha Baptist church and Justice of the Peace. Ping! (SPITS)

JUDGE

What do you do in your spare time?

ABNER

Swap horses. (SPITS) Ping!

JUDGE

(RAPS) Where do you live?

ABNER

Davis Corners South Dakota.

JUDGE

Do you know the penalty for resisting an officer?

ABNER

Well, Judge, you'd have done the same thing if you'd of been in my place.

JUDGE

The policeman says you hit him. Why did you do it?

ABNER

Well, Judge, you see two years ago a little old widow from Iowa came out to South Dakota. She was all alone---and in pretty bad health. She was blind, Judge. It seems that she was grieving over her daughter who went away from home years ago. The poor old lady seemed to get worse and worse---and she began crying for her daughter. She said she was in the city, so, Judge, I came to the city to see if I couldn't find her daughter. Last night I thought I'd found the widow's daughter. She met me on the street and asked me if I had two dollars. Now I don't know just what that gal meant by that but I went to her home. And, Judge, if she's that widow's long lost daughter, I think I'd better let her stay lost, because she was tougher than bear meat fried in cod-liver oil.

JUDGE

(IGNORING WHAT IS SAID) The charge is you hit an officer of the law. We are not interested in any lengthy story of your life. (ABNER IS SMOKING VIGOROUSLY ON CIGAR. SMOKE BLOWS IN JUDGE'S FACE. HE COUGHS) Ahem! Now why did you do it? (COUGHS AGAIN FROM THE SMOKE) Mr. Pinkham, what kind of cigars do you smoke?

ABNER

O P. B. 's.

JUDGE

O P B'S ?

ABNER

Yes, other people's butts.

JUDGE

Mr. Pinkham, I'm going to be forced to ask you to put your butt in the waste basket.

ABNER

(LOOKS AT WASTE BASKET) I don't think it's big enough. Oh I--see you mean this cigar--Oh well--(PUTS IT OUT AND THROWS IT BASKET)

JUDGE

Now, Mr. Pinkham, why did you hit an officer of the law?

ABNER

Well, your honor, whilst I was out to this girl's house talking, why in came a hard lookin' guy--with a bigstar. He wanted to know what was going on, and about that time some big blonde headed gal gave this feller a wink, and said that I was a woodchopper from up North and that I was trying to steal the little gal's bank roll. Can you imagine her telling a lie like that on me. Well, sir, that officer hit me with his billy club right on top of the head. But he had just as well of hit the rear axle on a Ford as my head, cause it's just like marble Judge. Well, when he done that I up and hit that there officer so hard that his teeth shot out of his face like sparks off a spark plug. And just as I hit him in come sixteen policemen, and they hit me all at once. Well, down I fell, with sixteen of them great big blue coated, brass buttoned policeman beating my head with a club. Now, Judge, I'm a pretty strong man but when sixteen of them boys began pounding on my head it hurt my feelings a little bit--and then they took me and threw me in a hoosegow wagon and took me to jail--and Judge, here I be. Ping! (SPITS)

JUDGE

(RAPS WITH MALLET)

ABNER

Don't do that, Judge, it makes my head ache.

JUDGE

Abner J. Pinkham, I don't think you're guilty of anything but ignorance, however I cannot let you hit a cop on head and go unpunished for it.

ABNER

Well, Judge, I think I've been punished enough for it. Honest, Judge, one of them fellars broke a billy club over my head. Now I ask you, Judge, is that any way for a respectable policeman to act? Remember Judge, I was hit first.

JUDGE

I shall fine you ten dollars and cost. That will make a total of thirteen dollars and fiftcents. You can pay it or lay it out in jail.

ABNER

But, Judge, I---

JUDGE
(RAISES GAVEL) I said thirteen dollars and fifty cents.

ABNER

It ain't right.

JUDGE

All right--pay five dollars more for contempt of court.

ABNER

What I'll be damned if I will. Listen here you fat head--

JUDGE

Ten dollars more. That's fifteen dollars for contempt of court. Fifteen dollars plus thirteen fifty makes twenty eight dollars and fifty cents, Mr. Pinkham.

ABNER

But Judge, I--(JUDGE RAISES GAVEL) I'll pay it! (GETS MONEY OUT OF A LONG SOCK HE CARRIES. SLOWLY GETS MONEY OUT. GIVES JUDGE A DIRTY LOOK. MUMBLES TO HIMSELF. HANDS MONEY TO JUDGE) There she be, Judge. and by gosh I'd give ten dollars more just to get another soak at tha t darn policeman.

JUDGE

(RAPS GAVEL) Five dollars more for contempt of court.

ABNER

What! Hey, wait a minute, Judge---I didn't mean that--besides I was talking to myself. Have a little reason, Judge.

JUDGE

Very well, I'll remit the fine this time, but in the future learn to keep quiet.

ABNER

All right, Judge, and now if you'll just show me the way, I'll get out of this durned place while I've got money enough to buy a ticket to South Dakota.

JUDGE

You go through that door--(POINTS L?) walk to the end of the corridor. Turn to your right and then to your left--and then you come to an elevator--and take that.

ABNER

But, Judge, I aint got no use for an elevator.

JUDGE

It is eleven stories to the ground, Mr. Pinkham.

ABNER

I know, but I'd rather walk eleven than fall two. I'll take the stairs.

JUDGE

Well Ha ve it your own way.

ABNER

I usually do.

JUDGE

(GIVES HIM LOOK) What?

Well, so long, Judge. I hope I meet you up in Davis Corners South Dakota some time. You know I'm a law myself up there. I'm a justice of the peace. You ought to drive your automobile up there some time.

JUDGE

Maybe I will.

ABNER

I hope you do, Judge, and if I catch you drivin' it any faster than a walk damned if I won't put you in the hoosegow in solitary confinement, feed you on bread and water for six months, you old pistol necked beetle browed would be Justice of the Supreme court. (JUDGE BEGINS RAPPING LOUDLY WITH GAVEL)

JUDGE

Five dollars more--

ABNER

I didn't hear you, Judge--I'm gone--(EXITS)(SAYS LINE OFF STAGE)

JUDGE

(STOPS RAPPING THEN SMILES) A queer bird that---but a man with a heart as big as a house.

(CLOSE IN)
***** NUMBER TWO *****

JUDGE

Now what is the next case on the docket. (LOOKS ON LIST) The case of Ellen Blake. That is a new name to me. She has never been here before. Cassidy send in Ellen Blake. (ELEEN BLAKE ENTERS LOOKS TIMID) You are Ellen Blake? (SHE NODS) Place your left hand on the bible. Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God.

ELLEN

I do.

JUDGE

Be seated, Ellen. (SHE SITS DOWN) You are accused of stealing a purse. Now who is the witness against Ellen Blake?

EDWARD CRANE

(ENTERS R.) I am your, honor.

JUDGE

State your case.

EDWARD CRANE

Well, your honor, last evening I was coming along Madison Avenue at about 10:30 p.m. one thirty.

JUDGE

Indeed, and what were you doing out at so late an hour?

CRANE

I was attending a meeting of the foreign Mission Society.

JUDGE

So you attend foreign missions, do you?

CRANE
Yes, your honor, I am one of the organizers of that great body.

JUDGE

Well, go on.

CRANE

As I said before I was going along Madison Avenue and I was accosted by this young lady. She asked me if I would like to go up to her room and have a good time. But I repulsed her.

JUDGE

Naturally--(SARCASTIC) being interested only in foreign missions you could not waste your time on a purely local case.

CRANE

Certainly not. I started away and again she grabbed me by the hand and begged me for money. Naturally I refused her.

JUDGE

Naturally!

CRANE

At that she grabbed me around the knees, fell in the snow, and held on to me. I broke away from her, and started on up the avenue. I had gone but a short distance when I discovered that my bill fold was gone. I hurried back, and there she was just getting up to her feet with the bill fold in her hand.

JUDGE

She did not run?

CRANE

No, but I have no doubt she was just getting ready to do so. Then I took the bill fold from her and called the police.

JUDGE

But you say she took nothing from you?

CRANE

No.

JUDGE

Then why do you wish to have her arrested?

CRANE

Because I think all women of her type are a menace to public decency, and should be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

JUDGE

But, my dear man, this girl does not look like a hardened criminal to me. She looks like a beginner, I am sure that she has never been here before. Don't you think she should be given another chance?

CRANE

No she should not be allowed to walk the streets. Women of her sort corrupt the morals of good Christian people--and she should be put ~~in jail~~ where she won't bother people.

JUDGE

Don't you think you are rather hard for a man who claims to be a Christian?

CRANE

I am a Erhistain. Only last year I donated five hundred dollars to charitable instituitons of this city. And as a citizen I demand my rights. I want this woman prosecuted.

JUDGE

I see Mr. Crane that you are determined in your cause. Ellen, you have heard the charges. What have you to say for yourself?

ABNER

(OFF L.) Now shut up you lop eared mule you. I know where I'm going, but I can't seem to get there. (ENTERS L.) Hello, Judge, here I am right back where I started from. This is the durnedest building to get out of I ever seen. I didn't have no trouble gettin' in it, but I can't seem to get out of it. I been walkin' right around in a circle. (SEES EDWARD CRANE) Well, strike me pink if it aint old Ed. Crane. Hello, Ed how are you? (SPITS AND STARTS TO SHAKE HANDS WITH CRANE)

JUDGE

(RAPS ON GAVEL) Mr., Pinkham, I shall have to ask you to be quiet.

ABNER

That's all right, Judge, I'll keep quiet. But you see it kinda knocked me for a hurricane to see old Ed Crane here. Ed and me were brought up together in the same town. We aint seen each other for night on to four or five years. Ed, you must have travelled a lot in that foriegn mission society since I saw you.

CRANE

Yes, Abner, I travelled quite extensively since we last met.

ABNER

Son of gun--all dressed up aint ye? Where'd you get them dude clothes?

JUDGE

(RAPS) Mr. Pinkham, I shall have to ask you to keep quiet or I'll fine you for contempt of court.

ABNER

I'll keep quiet, but I was just tickled to see Ed here.

JUDGE

(RAPS LOUDER) Mr. Pinkham, I'll fine you--

ABNER

No you won't, Judge--I'm gonna keep quiet. Say would you mind if I set right over there and watch. Have you got Ed arrested here? What's he been doin' stealin' horses or---say, Ed, remember the time we stole the watermellen out of--

JUDGE

(RAPS) Five dollars! Five dollars. or else keep quiet.

ABNER

All right, Judge, I'll just sit right down here, and I won't say a word until the prisoner at the bar is either fined, jailed or hung. (SPIT BUS.) Ping! (JUDGE RAPS) Don't do that, Judge.

JUDGE

Now then returning to where we were before being interuptted. Ellen Blake, what have you to say for yourself

ELLEN
Well, your honor when that man said that I accosted him on the street--he spoke the truth. I did, but I was hungry and I was driven to it. I was destitute---I couldn't get a job--and didn't know where to go.

JUDGE

Then you were not born in the city?

ELLEN

No, your honor, I was born in an orphan asylum.

JUDGE

Have you no friends or relatives at all that would help you?

ELLEN

None, your honor; my father and mother are both dead.

JUDGE

This man says you stole his purse, after having invited him to your room

ELLEN

He is right---I did approach him on the street. I was hungry, Judge--I hadn't eaten for three days--and then only a cup of coffee. Room rent began to pile up---it was cold--and the land lady would not let me have any heat in my room until I paid her. Oh I was desperate. In a moment of despair I went out in the street--to sell my self--to trade my body--my soul for food---for a right to live. I thank heaven now that he refused to accept my pleas---for I would have never done anything like that only that I had to, Judge, I had to. (DROPS DOWN SOBBING)

ABNER

(AFFECTED BY SPEECH. MUGS. THEN BLOWS NOSE REAL LOUD)

JUDGE

Mr. Pinkham, what is the ~~MRM~~ trouble?

ABNER

I think I stripped a gear!

JUDGE

Go on with your story, Ellen.

ELLEN

There is nothing more to say--I have told you that it is true I did accost him on the street, and beg him for money but when that man says that I stole his purse he lies.

CRANE

Then how does it happen that when I returned ~~thkkkk~~ you had the purse in your hand?

JUDGE

Yes, explain that, Ellen--

ELLEN

He dropped the purse--it fell down in front of me--there in the snow--I picked it up--my first feeling was that of temptation--temptation to take it and run. Oh what would any one else of done in my place. As I held the money in my hand I thought of the things I could buy and the days I had gone without. I was ready to yield to the temptation and had I been given time no doubt I would have run.

ABNER
And so would he, Judge--he'd have run like hell.

JUDGE

(R.P.S) Mr. Pinkham!

ABNER
Excuse me, Judge; my tongue slipped.

JUDGE

Mr. Crane, this girl is a victim of circumstances. True she has committed a crime, but ~~she has~~ The law says that she is guilty, but there is a higher law, and I, for one, think that she should be given another chance. (POINTS TO SKY ON CUE "Higher Law") (ABNER HAS BUSINESS OF LOOKING UP FOR IT)

CRANE

Well, I don't. ~~And if you do, I hope you will~~ For she is a criminal and for the sake of public decency she should be punished to the full extent of the law.

JUDGE

Mr. Crane, it seems to me that you do not understand the existence of this court. This is not alone a court of justice to punish the guilty, but it is to help those who wish to be helped. For three years I have sat as Judge upon this bench and listened to the stories of the downfall of women, and never yet have I seen one woman who deliberately chose the crooked path. It is always some man who led her there--

CRANE

But, your honor, I had nothing to do with her downfall.

JUDGE

Not her perhaps but can you truthfully say that you have never contributed to the downfall of any woman? Well, can you?

CRANE

Am I on trial your honor?

JUDGE

No--more is the pity that you are not. No man is ever on trial for such things as this. It is always the woman who pays.

ABNER

You darn right they pay, but he never pays them anything---

JUDGE

(R.P.S) Mr. Pinkham!

ABNER

(HANDS JUDGE BILL) There's five dollars for what I just said, Judge. (HANDS HIM ANOTHER BILL) There's five more for what I'm gonna say. Now you listen to me, Mr. Crane, I been settin' here listening to you brow beat that little gal until I'd sick and tired of it. A fine lot of good you got to act like you wouldn't have nothin' to do with her, and thinkin' you're better than her. You walking around here with your holier than thou expression on your sanctimonious face, for two pins I'd knocke you so high in the sky you could see the dog starraggin' his tail. Why you're so damned crooked that they won't even bury you when you die.

CRANE

No what will they do?

ABNER
They'll screw you in the ground!

CRANE
See here, don't I get a chance to do any talking?

JUDGE
It seems to me that Mr. Pinkham is doing talking enough for both of us.

ABNER
That for you, Ed Crane, you didn't get far with your talk, did you?

CRANE
As a citizen of the United States, I'm asking you, Judge of this court, to have this man cease his malicious attacks upon me.

JUDGE
He is right. Mr. Pinkham, remain quiet.

ABNER
All right, your honor--(PICK UP ONE BILL) I'll have to take one of them back. I only got five dollars worth.

JUDGE
Mr. Crane, I do not think this young lady has done anything wrong.

CRANE
(QUICKLY) Well, I do your honor, and a citizen, I demand--

JUDGE
(RISES QUICKLY. SEVERELY) Mr. Crane, you can demand nothing in this court. Here my word is supreme, and I find this girl Allen Blake, innocent of the charges brought against her. She shall not be prosecuted.

CRANE
But your honor---

JUDGE
Innocent I said. You may appeal the case if you like. (ABNER CLAPS HANDS LOUDLY. JUDGE LOOKS AT HIM. ABNER CROSSES HANDS BUT OF CLAPPING SILENTLY)

CRANE
No, I'm afraid it would do no good if all judges were like you.

ABNER
lock him for contempt of court, Judge.

JUDGE
I ought to but I won't this time.

CRANE
(GOES TO D. R.) Very well, but I'm not through with that girl. I'm going to return here with a witness to prove my statement. As for you, Mr. Pinkham, we'll meet again--

ABNER
aw go to--(JUDGE RAPS) Rosedale! (CRANE EXITS)

JUDGE
Well, Ellen, stop your crying now---you are free, but I'm wondering what I can do with you?

ABNER

Judge, it seems to me that the city is a bad place for this little gal. It kinda gave her a tough break. What she needs is the wide open spaces

JUDGE

You're right, Mr. Pinkham, the country is the place for her. But where can I send her?

ELLEN

Oh, just give me a chance to live and make good that's all I want.

ABNER

Judge, I've got an idea.

JUDGE

You seem to be full of them.

ABNER

full as a dog is fleas.

JUDGE

Well, let's have it.

ABNER

Judge, do you remember me telling you about that poor old blind widow woman that came out from Iowa to South Dakota. Why not let this little gal go out there and pass herself off as a long lost daughter.

JUDGE

That's a very good idea, Ellen, how would you like that?

ELLEN

Oh, it would be heavenly. But I couldn't go out there living a lie deceiving that poor blind mother. It would be all wrong.

JUDGE

She is right, Mr. Pinkham; I never thought of that.

ABNER

But think, Judge, this old lady is blind, and she hasn't many years to live. She sent me here to Chicago to find her long lost daughter now this little gal here has no home no mother or father, what's the harm if I take her back with me and pass her off as this old lady's long lost daughter. Wouldn't it help that poor old mother to live her declining years in happiness, knowing that at last her child had come back to her?

JUDGE

Yes, Mr. Pinkham, I think that you are right. Sometimes a lie is better than the bitter truth. Ellen, I want you to go back out there to that little town of ~~Minneapolis~~ South Dakota, and be a daughter to that poor blind mother. You said you wanted a chance to make good and now I want to see you do it.

ELLEN

And I will make good, Judge--oh I'll be the happiest woman in the world It's what I've always longed to go--out there listening to the birds singing--

ABNER

Hold on there, little gal, there ain't no birds out in South Dakota that sings only the hoot owl, and he ain't got much of a voice to speak of.

ELLEN

But you have beautiful flowers, green trees and grass, tall mountains, big rivers and lakes, and--

ABNER

And the durndest biggest bed bugs you ever saw in all your life. But when old man winter lifts his mantle of snow ~~when~~ off the ground, and the trees and grass is green and bright there isn't a prettier spot in all gods green earth than there is in that same old South Dakota.

ELLEN

Oh, I don't know how to ever thank you all. Judge Brewster, God must have placed you here in answer to my prayers to defend me.

ABNER

GOD didn't have a thingg to do with it. He was placed here b. the Republican party and they don't know a damn thing about prayer. (JUDGE SMILES AND TURNS UP STAGE) Well, come on, little gal, let's get started.

ELLEN

But I must change my clothes---I cannot wear what I have on, could I?

ABNER

Never mind changin', little gal, we'll leave here and I'll go down town and buy you the nices new dress and little fur coat and mittens so that you will be as snug as a bug in a rug.

ELLEN

Oh, but I cannot let you spend your money on me.

ABNER

Say, gal, money don't mean no more to me than alphalpha does to a horse. Didn't you just see me pay the judge--(LOOKS AT HIM BUS.) Come on.

ELLEN

Well, good bye Judge, and thank you. (SHAKES HANDS)

JUDGE

That's all right, little girl, make good that's all I ask.

ABNER

Well, good bye, Judge. (SHAKES HIS HAND) You come up to Davis Corners sometime, Judge- and see us. We've got a big lake up there and any time you're up that way drop in. And, Judge, if you come up I'll let you drive your car as fast as you want to, and I won't charge you a cent for it, and I'll buy you the best five cent cigar in Davis Corners. So long, Judge. (START)

JUDGE

Oh wait a minute, Mr. Pinkham, I'm going to remit those fines I put upon you. Here's your twenty eight dollars and fifty cents.

ABNER

(TAKES IT. LOOKS AT JUDGE) Is it all there, Judge?

JUDGE

No, I think I kept five--what the--certainly it's all there.

ABNER

Much obliged. Well, so long. All ready? (TAKES ELLEN AND PUTS HER IN FRONT OF HIM AND ON HER SHOULDER) January, February, March--

CRANE

(ABNERS R.) Wait a minute, Judge, I've got my witness.

ABNER

To hell with your witness. We're on our way to South Dakota!

(C L O S E I N)

F I N A L E